

Good 510

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



THIS IS BRIAN THE QUIZZICAL

L.Sig. William Lewis

BRIAN, son of Ldg. Signalman William Albert Lewis since August, and Mrs. Doreen Lewis, of 254, Hawthorn Crescent, Cosham, through that the London dis is only five months old, but trict has been finally freed already he has developed a from the menace of the flying very inquisitive outlook on life.

You can see it by the way he is "quizzing" at our photographe, as much as to say, "Well, what is in the little black box you have got over there?"

Brian's world is peopled by the grown-ups, who make a great fuss of him, and his playthings—a little black dog, a penguin, and a "dinkie doo," which he delights to coo over.

Leading Signalman Lewis, who went away in March, has not yet seen his small son, and the only photograph which has reached him is one taken when Brian was three weeks' old.

We hope he will feel proud of this picture of him.

We can assure L.Sig. Lewis that both his wife and the baby are keeping very fit. Also that they are very comfortably established at their new home at Hawthorn Crescent, where

at Balfour Road, Portsmouth, are proud of him, too. Incidentally, they had a pleasant surprise on the day of our call, for Mrs. Lewis's father arrived home from Italy, after five years with the Eighth Army in the Middle East.

You can imagine what a day of excitement that was!

Otherwise, it's now "all quiet on the Pompey Front."

We have been asked to send kind remembrances from all at home, with best love from your wife and baby.

And from what we heard, you can bet your life that when Brian begins to talk his first words will be "Da-da."

"Thanks for Rabbits" C.P.O. Harry Woods

THANK Harry for the rabbits"—does that identify this story, C.P.O. Harry Woods? When we visited your home in Muir Street, Glasgow, those words greeted us, amidst laughs from your wife.

Mr. Woods is very well, Harry, and although she is getting along pretty well these days, and news of him is regular, the good lady appreciates that the rubber dinghies she is making are for men who have far more time at the post. Ina and Baby there, too.

Betty is a part-time nurse. Rosemary are both well and

1944
W. H. MILLIER talks Sport at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger"

WILL GIRLS RIDE IN TURF CLASSICS?

IN the essentially masculine a bit old-fashioned, but I can't and scarcely one in a thousand younger boys, but it is under company of "The Jolly Roger," where sport in most of to ride under Jockey Club rules. What makes you think that this its voiced aspects is generally the sole topic of conversation, interesting innovation is on its it is very seldom that the opposite sex comes in for more than a passing mention. This is not because any of the members believe in supporting anything in the nature of an anti-feminist movement. On the contrary, as good sportsmen they are always ready to vote for a fair field and no favour. But on this occasion the subject of women in sport was the main discussion.

The guv'nor had made the rather startling suggestion that the time would come when we should have women jockeys riding in all the important races, and thus beating down the barriers of what some people may regard as man's last stronghold.

"What an optimist!" exclaimed Bernard. "If you had mentioned any other sporting activity I might have been ready to agree with you, but when you suggest that the most conservative body of men, real diehards, such as the Jockey Club, will allow women to invade the Turf as trainers and jockeys, I shall begin to think you are losing your grip of things in general."

"Losing my grip? Perhaps. If you mean the tenacity to hold on to notions that have long outlived their usefulness, you are right. So many people refuse to loosen their grip on ancient shibboleths."

"Knowing the Jockey Club as we do," said Nat, "I should think that will be just about arrive at any exact figure, but the last organisation to open its arms to women, except, as it be far-fetched to declare that has always done, to women not one in a hundred of these owners of racehorses. I may be apprentices becomes a jockey,

swore the guv'nor. "It is not so much because women have proved themselves capable of alloy, then I do not know of girls doing many of the things that had been considered to be is wrong. It is an antiquated sole in the province of the means of providing plenty of mere male, but the change will, in my opinion, be brought about by force of circumstances.

"Just turn to the racing programmes in to-day's paper. Read out the names of the jockeys engaged. How many fresh names are there? Precious few. The same old jockeys, who have been riding for the past twenty and thirty years. Many of them can go on for a few years longer, but they can't go on for ever. Where are the young apprentices? You may ask, and you will find it difficult to get an answer to that question.

"The boys are not taking it up as they did a few years ago. They or their parents, have more sense nowadays. The reason is easy to see. For as many years as I can remember these boys have had a raw deal. The majority of them used to be fired by the thought of riding winners, being cheered by the crowd, and presented with nice fat cheques by joyful owners. A grand picture, but one that came to life only for the fortunate few.

"It is scarcely possible to think that will be just about arrive at any exact figure, but the last organisation to open its arms to women, except, as it be far-fetched to declare that has always done, to women not one in a hundred of these owners of racehorses. I may be apprentices becomes a jockey,

reaches the position of a standable." "What happens to all the fight shy of giving rides to jockey in regular demand.

"Now, if these same owners others at the end of their apprenticeships? They become courageous do you think what they have in actual fact they are going to give to girl been all the time, stable lads. If riders? That question answers one that is. The whole system with professional jockeys."

"My idea," said the guv'nor, "is that it will be forced on cheap labour for the racing people by the fact that boys will not enter the stables. The lads are soon dis-couraged and become soured and embittered men at a time when they should remain light-hearted youngsters.

"One of these lads, who was trying to bring up a family on fifty shillings a week, told me that they always referred to his calling, the stable lads, as Chinese labour. It is little better than slavery.

"And, after all, you have to bear in mind that it is a skilled job, a jolly sight more skilful than watching a machine. The lad who has to work seven days a week, starting at four or five in the morning, is responsible for horses worth £10,000 or more apiece, and yet it is thought to be worth paying much less than the most brainless of unskilled labourers.

"For most of them it was a question of accept the conditions as they were or starve. The war gave most of them the opportunity to get out, and many of them have done so, with the result that you may be sure they will not return to the stables unless conditions are radically altered.

"It does not require any great prophetic power to visualise the time when there will not be any young apprentices to replace the veterans as they drop out. What do you think the authorities will do then? Allow racing to die out? Hardly that. No, my friends, you will not see the end of racing, but you may see the entry of girl riders on the time-honoured Turf. I hope I am still alive, so that perhaps you may have the grace to apologise for thinking that I have invited the bats into my belfry."

"There's not much wrong with that old head of yours, guv'nor," said Nat, "and now that you have explained the reasons which made you arrive at your startling prophecy I am wondering whether you have been called to the right bar, or whether you might not have done better had you chosen the dry bar and become a K.C."

"Unless you are going to live long enough to be centenarians," said Bernard, "it is not a thing we can bet on, otherwise I should be ready to lay a shade of odds that you are wrong. If we leave out the hide-bound attitude of the Jockey Club towards anything in the way of an innovation, we are still up against the biggest stumbling-block of the lot, and that is the view which the average race-horse owner takes.

"Who is to blame for the fact that the young apprentice is not given sufficient opportunities for showing his riding ability in public? not the trainer, who, as a general rule, is only too anxious to push his youngsters to the front. It is the owner who is largely to blame. There are exceptions, of course, but in the vast majority of instances the owner will say that he cannot afford the risk of employing an unknown jockey.

It goes without saying that every owner wants to win, and if he can secure the leading jockey to ride his horses, he will not put up with any other. It is unfair to the



David in the R.A.F. has recently passed an examination for some promotion.

Latest news from your side of the family is that Alice is engaged to an American sergeant. From all reports he seems to be a grand chap, and everyone seems very happy about it.

To sum up, all at 168 are well.

Back to Scotland again, and shipmates, that you will have

there's good news of everyone a safe return home.

Strictly for you alone is all

Pop says there's one in the her love and a big kiss.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO :—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

He loved . . . and lost . . . and built

A LOVE STORY IN MARBLE TO HER MEMORY

IN all the world there was once no palace more magnificent than the home of the Great Mogul emperor Shah Jehan—and no man better-looking. Some 300 years ago he sat for his portrait. It has come down to us in the twentieth century, the face of a fighter and a dreamer, a man

of action and a poet.

As the fighting hero of India, the Shah Jehan drove the fierce Mahratta invaders from his kingdom. As poet and dreamer he built himself the rich palace at Agra that stands to this day.

Architects and masons summoned from every corner of India had fashioned it; workers

in jewels, gold, silver and ivory made it as perfect as men could devise.

Yet in the crowded bazaars there were men who lifted their eyes to the great sandstone palace and pitied the bachelor emperor. "Poor man," they shook their heads. "What happiness can he know—alone?"

"No woman would oppose you," whispered the Shah's ministers.

"No man has ever opposed me," he sorrowfully replied.

"The arts of love are easily learned," the wise men answered.

"Great lands can be gained by fighting," said the emperor, "but the things of the heart can only be given . . ."

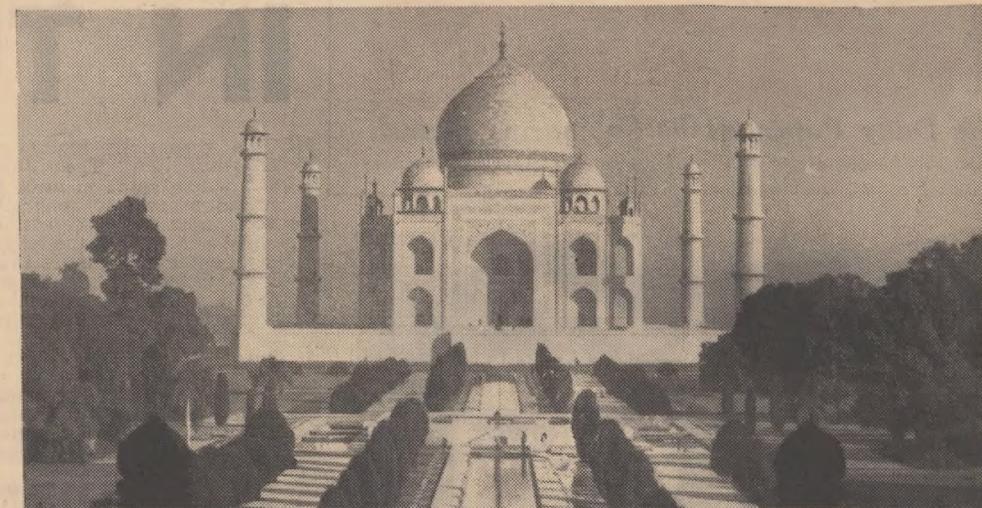
Every day the loveliest women of the land were added to his court. The Shah cast his eye over them—and left them alone.

Beneath a canopy of silk he played chess with his ministers on a big marble chequered pavement. The pieces which moved from square to square at his command were living girls. The winner was entitled to claim them as his reward—but the Shah was always careful to lose.

And then, pacing one night beside the waters of the Jumna River, he met The Woman!

That night, amid the dreaming cypresses, he had been stirred by a mood—and he had deliberately wandered off course, into the women's gardens.

On their site there stands to-day the Taj Mahal. Think



of this tale if ever you find yourself that way—for it's quite a story.

The women of his palace could wear all the jewels they desired. This girl wore only flowers as adornment. He snatched a sleeping lily from the water and presented it.

"It will cost you your life," she told him. "The guards are coming!"

But the guards, of course, recoiled at the sight of the emperor. The girl might have knelt in abasement. Instead she laughed. "Who would have thought," she said, "that the emperor could be such a boy!"

He asked her name, and repeated it, "Mumtaz—the pearl!" In a few days Mumtaz became the Mumtaz Mahal, and there was a queen reigning in the palace at Agra. The conqueror had been conquered at last.

Never was a wife more loving—or more loved. So say the ancient records.

Children were born of their love, and it was in giving him yet another child that Mumtaz died.

Then Shah Jehan, the records add, knew that all the glory of his riches were as shadows in the evening. Walking alone once more in the women's gardens, he dreamed of a poem in stone. Then and there he summoned together all the architects and artisans who had built his palace.

"My wife," he commanded, "shall have in her memory a dream built by the greatest artists under the sun. . . ."

And they told him in their humility that the greatest artists were in Italy, a journey of many months away.

"Bring them to me," said Shah Jehan.

So the subtlest living artists gathered on the banks of the Jumna and made their plans, and the Shah forsook all other interests that he might supervise the build-

ing. Every day he dedicated a few special minutes to thoughts of his wife, and for those minutes the twenty thousand artists and workmen were silent and still.

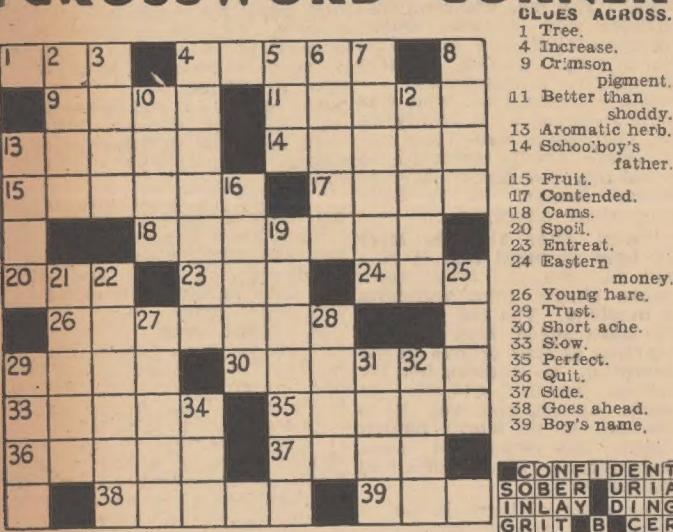
Within two years Shah Jehan's hair had whitened, but still the work went on. For seventeen years artists gave of their finest inspiration, relentlessly destroying everything they thought unworthy, tirelessly creating and then recreating beauty.

Thus the pearly dome and minarets of the Taj Mahal rose, dreamlike and bewitching.

It has been compared with the mysterious palaces raised by the genii of the Arabian Nights. It has been called a love story in stone.

Think of this whenever you see its picture, or if ever—as one day perhaps you will—see its reality. It symbolises perfection.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

2 Smack. 3 Clasp. 4 Free. 5 Little rascal. 6 Bland. 7 Existing thing. 8 Thick string. 10 Skirt 12 Birds. 13 Soothing influence. 16 Jet. 19 Lapwings. 21 Sosus. 22 Revoke. 25 Christmas name. 27 Vim and vigour. 28 Sea movement. 29 Mound. 31 Approach. 32 Spirited. 34 Drinck.

CONFIDENT
SOBER URIAH
INLAY DINGO
GRIT CERT
NAG TEG TAB
EDITH LIEGE
T NURTURED
OGRE TING
ON NAMES IT
ACRID NEGRO
KEEP SOLO

I get around

RON RICHARDS'
COLUMN



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

449

1. Insert three consonants in O * I * O * O and get a South American river.

2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? How saw ni onawm hose herte devil na a lod.

3. In these four languages the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 463L9C, 47335, 2682579T, 6F7956682.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 448

1. CHESHIRE.
2. When in doubt, say nowt.
3. Malayan, Indian, Siamese.
4. Ale-X, Rog-Er.

JANE

Answer to Maze in No. 509.
Junctions 8 and 9.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



V? Even Kids can make them

ALTHOUGH rocketeers were most interested in their weapons, used with some success and was responsible for considerable rocket experiments in against Napoleon's French armies at the Battle of Leipzig, the Duke of Wellington and his senior Generals condemned the weapon as "unsoldierly and ineffective." None the less, there were British rocketeers at Waterloo.

The German General Blucher, who saw them after battle, was

an fortresses of Namur and Liege. For technical reasons, the rocket-gun itself was not ready in September, 1914; but, not very clever in their adaptations, and the idea fell through after Blucher's death. An Englishman called Hale was the next successful rocket experimenter. He increased the range of a fairly heavy rocket to four miles, and a development of his invention was employed by British troops in some of the African campaigns of the nineteenth century. The U.S. Government was also interested, and bought one of Hale's patents.

Shortly before the turn of the century there was an official British Army Mark IV rocket, with a range of nearly three miles. It was a canister-shaped affair about two feet long, containing 3lb. of explosive.

While the Kaiser was boasting of the "great and secret" weapons of his "invincible Army" before the 1914 D-Day, Krupps were working night and day to develop a rocket-gun to be used against the Bel-

ligerants. Britain was using them quite early on from A.A. guns at sea, and long cables attached to the rockets were supposed to endanger the German dive-bombers during attack.

The Russians used rockets from Stor-noviks to knock out German tanks during the enemy "huzzar-rides" across

the Russian plains in 1941; and in the same year the first six-tube "Katusha" rocket-gun was used by them in the defence of Leningrad. This gun was said to throw six 60lb. rocket-shells several miles.

Both Germans and Russians used rocket-guns at Stalingrad; later, the Germans were using very powerful ones against Leningrad just before its relief.

Tailpiece.—In 1920, a Glasgow schoolboy made a 4ft. wingspan flying-rocket that flew at three miles a minute. In 1936, Naomi Roberts, a Scottish girl, made a rocket with a speed of 2,000 miles an hour.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 33

1. When Henry said "Line," Rosie said "Pickle." What word linked these two ideas in Rosie's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 1s., 2s. 6d., 6d., 3d., 2s., 5s.

3. If short means long, thin means thick, and narrow means wide, what is the true description of a long, thin, wide piece of wood?

4. Six people sat round a table. A was not next to B, but was to the left of G; F sat between E and B, and D was on C's left; C was not sitting next to B, but was less than three places away. In what order were they sitting clockwise round the table? (Answers in No. 511.)

Answer to Test No. 32.

1. Crown.
2. Gwyn is a boy's name; others are girls' names.
3. More.
4. Eight. (Father and mother, their three daughters, the mother's father, and the father's mother and sister.)

QUIZ for today

1. A stythe is a foul smell, pimple, pig's feeding trough, dentist's instrument, groundrent paid to the Church?

2. What is the difference between cuckoo-pint and cuckoo-spit?

3. What is the traditional name of the French Protestants?

4. What is majolica?

5. Who discovered the South Pole, and when?

6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? — Lonely, Onely, toney, Agreeable, Ageing, ugly.

Answers to Quiz in No. 509

1. Amber.
2. Rowan ("Mountain Ash").
3. Etymology is the study of words; entomology is the study of insects.
4. Chess.
5. Arid plateaux in Eastern Asia.

A N ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

extract from the Town and Country Planning Bill: "Residential property" means any land which consists of or comprises premises used for residential purposes except that land shall be deemed to be a residential property by virtue of comprising premises used for those purposes if their use for those purposes is connected with and subsidiary to the use for other purposes of the premises or of some part of the land.

11. reading this aloud.

TRAFFIC LIGHT MAKE-UP

IMAGINE girls all over the world using green, blue or yellow colour lipstick. Weird, to say the least, isn't it?

Well, Clay Campbell, make-up man for Columbia in the Rita Hayworth-Gene Kelly Technicolor musical "Cover Girl," had to compound such colours.

It was for the Technicolor cameras. Fifteen of the top cover-beauties, all of whom came to Hollywood as the choice of as many famous magazines, had their lips smeared with these rainbow-hued lipsticks.

Colour photography has proceeded to such a point of perfection that fine gradations of colour make themselves apparent, just as they do in the flesh. So this was taken into account in applying cosmetics to the lovely countenances of Miss Hayworth, her 15 supporting cover girls, Miss Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks, and such other avishing creatures as the producer, Arthur Schwartz, found to populate his photoplay.

Campbell had charts all made out of each of the girls' inborn colouration, and what to do about it. No two were exactly alike.

He kept a close watch on the colour of garment ensembles fashioned for his pretty clients, and created a make-up designed to harmonise with each and its wearer. This figured on the basis of three or more costume changes for each of the 15 cover girls, 20 changes for Rita Hayworth, all of which added up to something like 65 make-up patterns.

But the men don't have to worry about the future. They won't see the girls walking round wearing different colour lipsticks. That's only for the Technicolor camera, which blends the colours to actually come out different shades of red on the screen.

Campbell doesn't think a girl outside pictures would be happy with other than a red lipstick, and he's certain the men would object. Especially when they tried to get it off their handkerchiefs.

Alex Cracks

Salesman: "These shirts simply laugh at the laundry, sir."

Customer: "I know, I've had some back with their sides split."

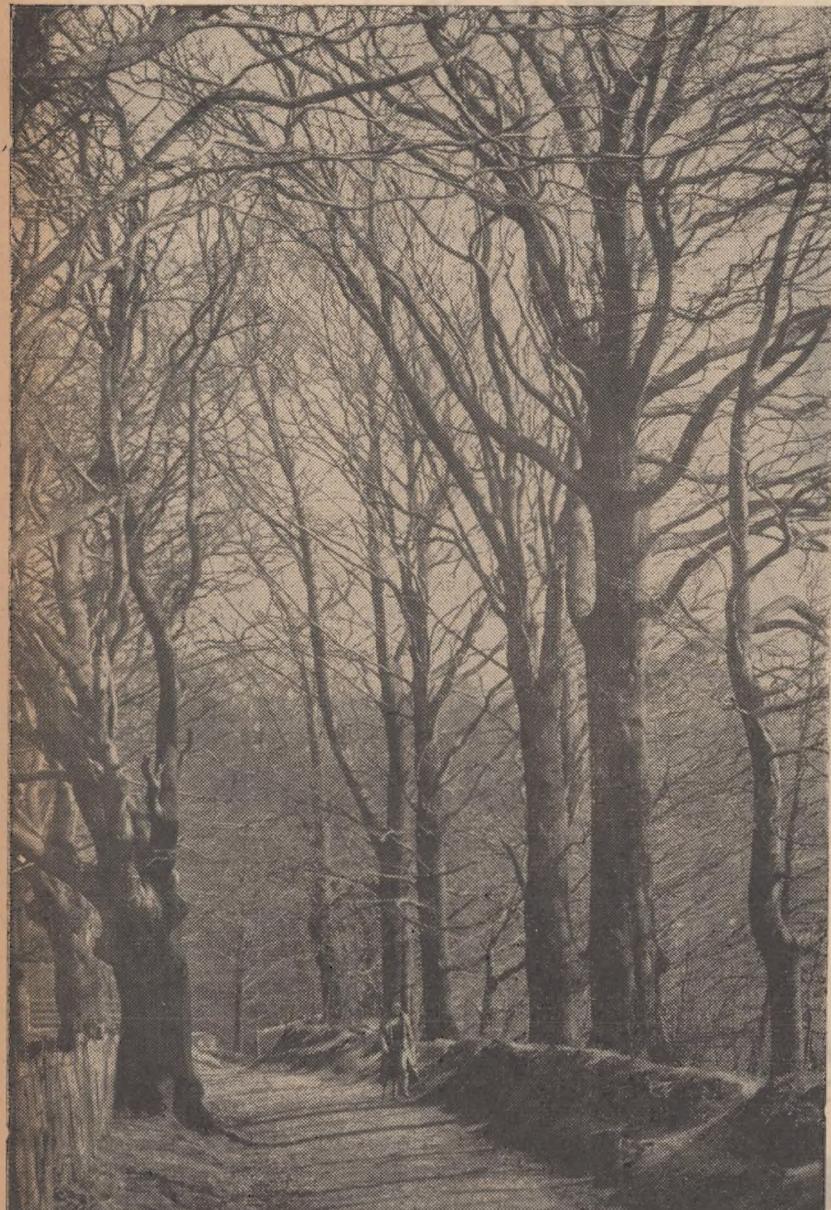
"What I want is an alert lad," explained the employer. "Are you quick to take notice?"

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant. "I've had it twice in a fortnight."

Good Morning



(Thinks the Dog) : "Poor wee creature, no harm shall ever come to her while I'm around." (Thinks the Cat) : "The big stiff imagines he's protecting me, I suppose. ME — need protection ; that's a laugh ! Still, wouldn't hurt his feelings for worlds."

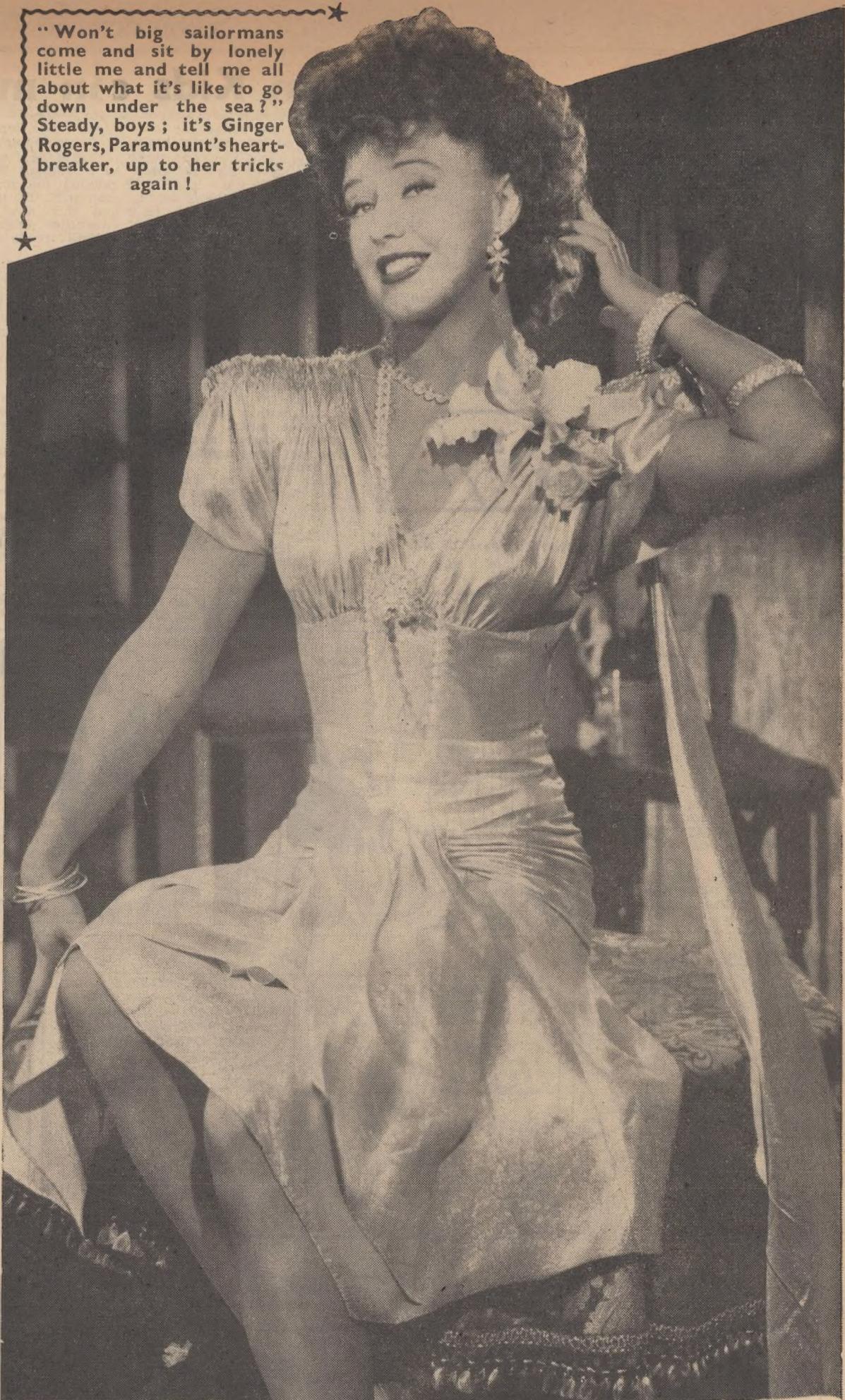


IT'S OURS, ALL OURS ! Give thanks to the National Trust, the next time you ramble over Reigate Hill, Surrey beauty-spot, just a bus-ride out of London.



"Be a pal, and finish this bottle for me. Milk, milk, MILK — that's all they give me ! Someday, I know, it will run out of my ears, and then, perhaps, they'll be satisfied."

“Won’t big sailors come and sit by lonely little me and tell me all about what it’s like to go down under the sea ?” Steady, boys ; it’s Ginger Rogers, Paramount’s heart-breaker, up to her tricks again !



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

